



VENUS and ADONIS:

A

M A S Q U E.

A N D

M Y R T I L L O:

A

Pastoral Interlude.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

Set to Musick by Dr. PEPUSCH.

——Cælo præfertur Adonis.
Hunc tenet, huic comes est——

Ovid.

Tantum cupit illa rogari.

Ovid.

L O N D O N :

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THE PREFACE.



THE following Entertainment is an Attempt to give the Town a little good Musick in a Language they understand: For no Theatrical Performance can be absolutely Good, that is not Proper; and how can we judge of its Propriety, when we know not one Word of the Voice's Meaning? But perhaps this is not all that the Italian Language has of late impos'd upon us; most of our Operas being (if possible) as miserably void of Common Sense in their Original, as the Translation: Nay, the Tyranny is carried yet farther; for the

iv The P R E F A C E.

Songs are so often turn'd out of their Places, to introduce some absurd favourite Air of the Singer, that in a few Days the first Book you have bought, is reduc'd to little more than the Title-Page of what it pretends to; and as it now stands, the whole Entertainment seems to be dwindled into a Concert of Instruments; for a Voice that is not understood, has in reality no more Meaning than the Fiddle that plays to it: And thus, by slavishly giving up our Language to the despotick Power of Sound only, we are so far from establishing Theatrical Musick in England, that the very Exhibition or Silence of it seems entirely to depend upon the Arrival or Absence of some Eminent Foreign Performer. By this sort of Conduct, the vast Sums that have been levied for the Support of it, have only ended in its Abuse and Prostitution. And (though the insolent Charms of the Opera seem to be above it) why should we suppose that a little plain Sense should do Musick any more harm, than Virtue does a Beautiful Woman? And 'tis but a melancholly Proof of its Power, that it has been so long able to keep Nonsense in countenance.

It is therefore hoped, that this Undertaking, if encourag'd, may in time reconcile Musick to the English Tongue. And, to make the Union more practicable, it is humbly moved, that it may be allow'd a less Inconvenience, to hear the Performer express his Meaning with an imperfect Accent, than in Words, that (to an English Audience) have no Meaning at all: And at worst, it will be an easier Matter to instruct two or three Performers in tolerable English, than to teach a whole Nation Italian.

After

The P R E F A C E. v

After having said so much of its Absurdities, it will be but just to allow the Excellencies of the Italian Composition; the Manner of it being indisputably superior to all Nations for a Theatre: And 'tis hoped this Entertainment will want nothing of the Italian, but the Language.



B

The

THE PERSONS.

Venus,

Mrs. *Barbier*.

Adonis,

Mrs. *Marg. de L'Epine*.

Mars,

Mr. *Blackly*.

Chorus of *Huntsmen*.

The SCENE is in the *Idalian Woods*.



VENUS and ADONIS.

1st INTERLUDE.

Adonis Entering from a Wood.

Adon.  A I L! bright *Aurora*! Blushing
Maid,
Life-giving Goddess, Hail!
What Mortal would dissolve in
Sleep,

And lose the Riting Views
Which thy creating Beams present?
O! how transporting 'tis, to see
Thy Glories chase the Shades,
And gild the Globe anew?
See! how the Mountains raise their Heads
In Purple Hue before thee!
The verdant Valleys and the Meads
Forsake their misty Beds,
And dress their Beauties, to adore thee.

*How pleasant is ranging the Fields,
When we mount with our Hounds in the Morning?
What Spirit the Exercise yields!
When we hollow,
And follow
The Scent ever burning?
How pleasant, &c.*

8 *VENUS and ADONIS:*

Venus descends from her Chariot.

But soft! What Nymph is this?
Whose gaudy Form and Dress
Seem rather of a Court,
Than of the Rural Sport?

Ven. Ah! sweet Adonis, form'd for Joy!
Ah! Blooming lovely Boy,
Have Pity on a Goddess' Pain:
Since Gods themselves have sigh'd for me,
Ah! let not Venus sigh for thee,
Dear charming Youth, in vain.
Ah! sweet Adonis, &c.

Adon. O! bounteous Goddess! you misplace
The Blessings you on me bestow;
My Joy is only in the Chace,
I to Diana's Altar bow.
With her alone I'll live and die,
But Love shall ever fly:
Yet when the Game is chac'd in View,
Like Lightning I pursue.
With her alone, &c.

Your Leave, bright Goddess—

Ven. ————— Hold! [Going.]
I've more to say—

Adon. ————— The Morning's cold,
Beside, the Sport expects me—

Ven. ————— Where?

Adon. In yonder Vale—

Ven. ————— Ah! do not fear;
Stay and improve thy Pastime here.

Swain, thy foolish Sports give over,
Joys immortal thou shalt find:
Sweeter Pleasures you'll discover,
When the Queen of Beauty's kind.
Swain, &c.

Adon. In vain of Love you praise the Joy
To an unskilful Beardless Boy;
I've heard Men talk of Sighs and Kisses,
But can't imagine where the Bliss is:

Then

Then I'm too young to be deceiv'd,
And you too fair to be believ'd.

Ven. Who could deceive such blooming Charms?
Or after thine, seek other Arms?

Adon. Nor Truth nor Beauty touch my Sense,
For I am all Indifference.

*Cease your vain teasing,
Love is unpleasing,
No Heart shall brave me,
Mine is my own:
Why should a Creature,
Weaker by Nature,
Think to enslave me,
With Smile or Frown?
Cease, &c.*

Ven. Ah! *Venus* lost! thy Charms no more,
Let flatt'ring Gods pretend t'adore;
In vain they stile me Bright, and Fair,
While of a Mortal I despair:
No! no! my Folly soon shall cease,
Revenge or Pride shall give me Ease.

*Cupid! Cupid! bend thy Bow,
Revenge! revenge thy Mother's Pain:
Let his Heart my Torment know,
What 'tis to love, and love in vain.*

Alas! alas! it will not be!
The more I struggle to be free,
The more I gall me with the Chain,
And but increase my Pain.

Hunting Horns at a distance.

Adon. Hark! how the chearful Horn
Proclaims the waiving Morn!
The jolly Sports-men mend their Pace,
To the appointed meeting Place——

Ven. Curse on those noisy Sounds! O stay!

Adon. I cannot lose the Sport, and must away.

Ven. Hast thou no Sense of what I bear,
My Pains nor Pleasures wilt thou share?

10 *VENUS and ADONIS.*

Adon. Forbear ! forbear thy vain Embrace,
If thou with me wilt Pleasure share,
Tie up thy Robes, and Ringlet Hair,
And follow to the Chase.

*How silly's the Heart of a Woman,
When courted by many, to fly?
But when she is follow'd by no Man,
For one she will languish and die :*

*Beguiling,
And smiling,
Now Coying,
Then Toying,*

She'll her Fancy pursue ;

*Designing,
Or whining,
She'll vex ye,
Perplex ye,*

And all that pursue her, undo.

How silly, &c.

Ven. Such Scorn and Insult can I bear,
But hold from far
I see the jealous God of War ;

Some other Hour I must employ
To melt this frozen Boy.

Well ! Cold *Adonis* ! since the Charms
Of rural Sports
(*Tho' Venus courts*)

Must snatch thee from my Arms,

Yet e'er we part,

Bid me Farewel, and ease my Heart.

[*Air in Two Parts.*]

Adon. Farewel Venus ! Welcome Pleasure ?
I must to the Groves away.

Ven. Dear *Adonis* ! O my Treasure,
I could here for ever stay.

Adon. When my Sporting knows no Measure,
Think what Joy it is to me :

Ven. When thy Sporting gives thee Leisure,
Think I languish here for thee.

[*Ex. severally.*
2d INTER-



2d INTERLUDE.

SCENE the Side of a large Wood.

Mars alone.

FROM War's Alarms,
 To shady Groves retir'd,
 Behold the God of Arms,
 By softer Charms inspir'd,
 Bids all Imperial Discord cease,
 To taste superior Joys in Peace.

*Beauty now alone shall move him,
 Mars shall know no Joy but Love;
 Let the wiser Gods reprove him,
 Tender Wishes,
 Melting Kisses,
 Mutual Blisses,
 Beauty Charming,
 Love Alarming,
 Raise the Soul to Joys above.*

Down to these Woods descending,
Venus oft beguiles the Day,
 And to be follow'd, sure, intending,
 When she sends her Doves away:
 Then softly tread this pathless Cover,
 And bless the Hero in the Lover.

B 4

[Exit.
Adonis]

12 *VENUS and ADONIS:*

Adonis from another Wood, with Huntsmen.

Adon. No more! no more!
Your fruitless Toil give o'er,
Our Sport is crost:
Was ever Day so lost?

Call in the Hounds, that stand at gaze,
The Morrow's Morn may mend our Chace.

[Exeunt Huntsmen.]

Come, sweet Repose, thou welcome Guest,
Laborious Pleasures call for Rest.

[He lays himself on a Bank.]

*Gentle Slumbers Life relieving,
Lull my Senses, unperceiving,
Give my Toils their due Repose:
Wasted Spirits, every Creature
Must supply, and weary Nature
Will our drooping Eye-lids close.*

[Sleeps.]

Venus enters, not seeing him.

Ven. This way the jolly Huntsmens Hollow,
Bids the wand'ring *Venus* follow:
Let *Mars* the Woodlands beat in vain,
While I pursue my lovely Swain—
And see! ye Powers! my Charmer's found
In envy'd Sleep's Embraces bound!
O that the circling Seas would ever
'This Grove from all Approaches sever!
Since tend'rest Touching may awake my Boy,
Ah! softly, gently let me steal the Joy.

[Kisses him.]

Around thee let the warbling Choir
In melting Notes soft Dreams of Love inspire.

*Chirping Warblers,
Tune your Voices inspiring,
All the Passion of Venus desiring;*

Let

A MASQUE.

13

*Let your Musick
In Dreams warm a Lover,
Whom awaking,
My Heart must give over.*

But soft! he moves, a while retire;—
Ah! catch him, Love,
And flatt'ring Eccho fan the kindling Fire.

[She retires.]

Adon. What soft'ning Sounds my Senses charm?
And with unusual Joys alarm?

[Eccho] ——— Unusual Joys alarm.

Adon. O tell me! tell me, ye melodious Choir,
What gives my Heart this soft unknown Desire?

[Eccho] ——— Unknown Desire.

Adon. What Voice is that? Who is't o'erhears me!

[Eccho] ——— O! hear me?

Adon. Some Fairy sure, or Phantom near me!

[Eccho] ——— Come near me!

Adon. I'll try, if yet again 'twill answer.

[Eccho] ——— 'Twill answer.

Adon. O sweet Delusion! to my Sense unfold thee:
If thou art real, let my Eyes behold thee.

[Venus appearing.] ——— Behold me!

Adon. Celestial Venus! ——— *[Surpriz'd.]*

Ven. ——— O my Love!

Once more I come my Fate to prove.

Adon. Ah! Goddess, you have kill'd your Boy!

It must be Love has touch'd my Heart,

Such Pain is in the Joy,

Such Pleasure in the Smart:

Too late I now my Folly see,

And ask that Pity which you begg'd of me.

Ven. What Heart could now refuse thee,

My dearest only Soul's Desire?

My Passion knows no Measure:

O! may the circling Pleasure

But with the World expire!

B 5

Adon.

14 *VENUS and ADONIS:*

Adon. What mean these Fears?

Ven. Ah! ruin'd! lost!

See where the jealous *Mars* appears:

'Tis he! 'Tis he!

And this way seems to bend him!

Adon. What if it be?

Adonis never did offend him.

Ven. Here! here, my lovely Boy,

Unseen, secure, repose thee,

While from his jealous Eye

These bending Boughs enclose thee.

[*Adonis* lies down, while she hides him with the Boughs.

Enter Mars to her.

Mars. Thus the Brave from War returning,
With the tend'rest Passion burning,

Fly with Joy to fold the Fair:

Not all Heroes fam'd in Story,

Nor their Triumphs, or their Glory,

Can their Joys with mine compare.

Ven. Ah! cruel *Mars*! forbear! forbear!
My yielding Weakness to ensnare:
Too much of guilty Love I've known,
And must for Follies past atone.

Mars. What means this cold Reluctance? Why
Does Beauty's Queen her Hero fly? }

Ven. In vain you ask; for now I must deny.

Mars. No more! no more!

'These Female Arts give o'er:

Some lurking God usurps my Right,

On that, on that Pretence you're coy:

Since I no more can give Delight,

I will my Rival's Bliss destroy.

Where have you hid this Minion? Where?

Ven. Ah! don't disturb the Child! forbear,

'Tis poor sick *Cupid* just laid down to rest,

And his Disorder has my Mind oppress;

Else

A MASQUE.

15

Else I with Joy had met my *Mars*,
But how can Beauty smile in Tears?

Mars. Was that the Cause then?

Ven. ————— 'Twas no more;

For know, I still my *Mars* adore:
In yonder Crystal Fountain strait,
(Where now my busy Nymphs await)
I first will bathe, — then meet my Love,
Kind as his Wishes in yon' Myrtle Grove.

Mars. Forgive my Jealousy. ———

Ven. ————— Away;

We soon will meet, and bless the Day.

Mars. Farewel, my Fair.

Ven. ————— Nay haste. ———

Mars. ————— Farewel.

Ven. He's gone: What Tongue my Joy can tell?

Mars. [*Apart*.] So coy, and kind for slender Reason,
Speaks my Presence out of Season!

Behind this Cover undiscern'd,

This Female Secret may be learn'd. [*He retires*.]

Ven. Arise! Arise! Come forth, my Love,

Our dread Surprize is over;

Thy Rival's shifted to the Myrtle Grove,

Like a believing Lover.

Why droops my Boy? *Mars* has not seen us:

Suppress thy Fears.

Mars. ——— O! Constant *Venus*! [*Behind*.]

Adon. — Ah! Goddess! now no more thou'rt Fair;

Thy Charms adorn'd with Truth

Might have subdu'd my Youth,

But Falshood never shall my Heart ensnare.

Ven. — O my Love, more Pity shew,

Is it a Crime in me,

If I abandon *Mars* for thee?

Adon. — On *Mars* alone your Vows bestow:

On Love what greater Curse can fall,

Than loving one that can't be true?

The wanton Heart, that's kind to all,

With endless Anguish we pursue.

16 - VENUS and ADONIS:

Horns, and Voices at a Distance.

[*Within.*] Hark! Hark! *Adonis*, Hark away!

Ven. Thus, thus in Love's Embraces bound.——

[*Holding him.*

Adon. No, no, the Boar is found,
Nor will I longer stay.——

[*Going.*

Mars offering to kill Adonis.

Mars. Hold, Traytor! take thy just Reward!

Ven. Ah! me!——This Bosom is his Guard.

[*Interposing.*

[*Adonis Kneeling.*]

Adon. Hold! hold, dread *Mars*, on me let all
Your furious Vengeance fall;

I cannot see

A Goddess bleed for me:

If Blood alone

Can cure your Jealousy,

Adonis is the Cause of all.

Mars. O Perjur'd *Venus*! False as Fair!

Ven. O Kind *Adonis*!——O Despair!

Adon. Are these the Pleasures Lovers share?

[*All repeat the three last Lines in Chorus.*]

Mars. It must, it shall be so;

'Twere poor, myself to give the Blow: [Apart.

Adonis, hence; but range these Woods no more,

I'll leave my Vengeance to the Boar. [Aside.

Adon. With Pleasure I obey thy Power. [Ex. *Adon.*

Mars. O fading Joy! Hard-fated Love!

What Pangs in thee we find?

Shall never faithful Passion prove

Fair Truth and Beauty join'd.

Ven. O! *Mars*, unkind! Is this thy Love?

Must this persuade me to the Grove?

Mars. 'Tis poor sick Cupid:——Think on that,
And tremble for thy Minion's Fate.

A MASQUE.

17

Ven. ——— O! spare the Boy, and to restore
Thy Peace of Mind,
I'll be for ever kind,
And never see *Adonis* more.

Mars. No! no! I'll never trust thy Power.

[Air in two Parts.]

Ven. ——— O! believe me! ———

Mars. ——— No, no, no!

————— You'll deceive me.

Ven. ——— No, no, no!

I shall ever Mars adore.

Mars. *I can never trust thee more.*

Ven. *Ungrateful! I have lov'd thee,
Nor hast thou lov'd in vain.*

Mars. *Unfaithful I have prov'd thee,
And now will break the Chain.*

[Ex. *Mars.*

Ven. He's gone! ——— and in his Eyes there fate
A Menace of *Adonis'* Fate!
O! Gods! my Fears are form'd too late!

Adonis supported by Huntsmen, bleeding.

Adon. Ah! Goddess, lend thy bounteous Aid,
And heal the Wounds thy Eyes have made:
The Jealous *Mars*, provok'd to see
Thy radiant Beauty smile on me;
While at the furious Beast I struck,
My Launce in thousand Shivers broke:
Disarm'd, I fell ——— when lo! the Boar
With fatal Tusk my Bosom tore.

Ven. ——— O! Terror to my Eyes!

——— O! tyrant Jealousy!

Adonis bleeds and dies,

And dies, poor Youth! for me.

Adon. O! welcome! welcome! gentle Death!
While thus I see

The Queen of Beauty mourn for me,

With Pleasure I resign my Breath, ———

[Dies.

Ven.

18 *VENUS and ADONIS.*

Ven. He's gone—the flitting Soul is fled !
 But leaves his Wound with me ;
Venus must ever mourn thee dead
 In painful Immortality.
 Why shines the hateful Sun,
 When such a piteous Deed is done ?

A short Symphony.

Arise ! black Storms and Tempests, rise !
 Deep Darkness shade the Day !
 Loud Thunders bellow through the Skies,
 And forked Lightning play.

It Thunders, Lightens, and the Stage is darken'd.

O ! Pleasing Horror !
 O ! Melodious Yell !
 Hark ! hark !
 All Nature rings with Sorrow
 Poor *Adonis*' Knell.

Let every tender Passion feel
Henceforth, like mine, the Lover's Hell,
And make Mankind as curst as I :
Unpity'd Sighs, deceitful Tears,
Feuds ! Falshood ! Doubts, and groundless Fears,
For ever mingle with the Foy.
[Venus ascends in her Chariot.

Chorus of Huntsmen.

No more let mortal Heart
 Of hapless Love complain,
 Since Gods could never part
 The Pleasure from the Pain.

F I N I S.

M Y R T I L L O:

A

Pastoral Interlude.

The PERSONS.

Myrtillo,	Mrs. <i>Marg. de L'Epine.</i>
Laura,	Mrs. <i>Barbier.</i>
Lycon,	Mr. <i>Birkhead.</i>
Mopfa,	Mrs. <i>Willis.</i>

Chorus of Shepherds.



M Y R T I L L O.

LAURA alone.

Lau.



Love! with what fantastick Sway
Thou mak'st poor Mortal Hearts
obey!

I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet treat my Lover with Disdain.

Whene'er he's nigh me,

I undo him;

Yet, shou'd he fly me,

Shou'd pursue him.

Myrtillo, wou'd you woo me?

Love less, lest I despise you:

Or I, tho' 'twou'd undo me,

Shall tantalize you.

When you with Pain are dying,

I'm farthest from complying.

Wou'd you secure, or fright me,

Pretend to slight me.

See

See where the fallen Swain,
 Reluctant, drags his Chain:
 Thy former Peace despair to have.
 Now help me, female Art,
 To charm and vex his Heart,
 And make the Retal more my Slave.

Myrtillo comes forward.

Thus seeming careless to repose, *[She lies down.*
 Uncover'd Beauties shall allure him;
 And, when he's fast in the Nooze,
 I'll wake surpriz'd,——and not endure him.

A SYMPHONY, with a Flute.

Myr. Help me, Love! I sigh, I die,
 Die, alas! for one I scorn:
 Vain and fickle tho' I prove her;
 Tho' pursuing,
 Is my Ruin,
 'Tis my Fate to love her:
 Reason no Relief can raise me,
 Love betrays me,
 She was for my Torment born.

See where the lovely Tyrant lies!
 Unpointed now,
 And harmless are her Eyes.
 But, Oh! what rising Charms
 Swell on her Breast,
 (Where Gods might rest)
 And give my Heart a thousand new Alarms.

Lau. Myrtillo——

*Myr. ——*Ha! she calls! she dreams.

Lau. O be but thus! thus ever kind.

Myr. O! Gods! she is not what she seems.

Her Heart, her Heart's to Love inclin'd:

Sleep on, soft, charming Fair, for I

Yet never knew such waking Joy.

*Ne'er let a Lover
 His Hope give over,
 For being deny'd ;
 The female Rover,
 In Pique and Pride,
 Her Love with Scorn will cover :
 The way to woo her,
 Is to pursue her
 With Flames and Vows ;
 With Scorn her Scorn oppose.
 If she pretend you tease her,
 Seize, and please her.*

Lau. What is't, *Myrtillo*, turns thy Brain?

[Seeming surpriz'd.]

Myr. Ah, *Laura*, I have chang'd my Strain,
 Nor will I more in Sighs complain.
 What I have seen and heard just now,
 Has taught me thus in Smiles to woo.

[Offering to embrace her.]

Lau. And me with Smiles to hear thee to.

[Turns away in Scorn.]

Myr. *Laura*, your Heart's of softer make,
 In Sleep you're Kind, tho' Coy awake.

Lau. Know then, deluded Wretch, that I
 Did but pretend in Sleep to lie,
 And heard you say,——

For one I scorn, I die.

Myr. You must not mind a hopeless Lover ;
 In Rage we often Love discover.

Lau. Ah! no ; the Proof of Love,

Is finding Joy in Pain :

A tender Inclination

Will love, and love in vain.

Myr. Nothing more wou'd make me tender,
 Than a Hope that you'll surrender.

Lau.

Lau. Nothing sooner wou'd enrage me,
Than your hoping to engage me.

Myr. The Lover that can part with Hope,
With Ease may give the Fair-one up.

Lau. To ease you then of all your Pain,
Despair, nor see my Face again.

Myr. What have I done to merit this?

Lau. What have you done to merit less?

Myr. Oh, injur'd Love! my Heart relieve,
And tell this Tygress, she's unfit to live.

Lau. No, *Cupid*; let him still complain,
'Till he confess the Pleasure of the Pain.

Myr. Let me the Torment feel
Of rolling Stone, or restless Wheel:
Let me the worst of Tortures prove;
But ease, O ease my Heart of Love.
More raging Pains were never born,
Than unrelenting Woman's Scorn.

Lau. O poor unhappy Swain! —

[Ironically.]

Myr. What can the Syren mean?

Lau. O happy Myrtillo,
No more say I slight you;
You truly delight me
While you are in Pain:
Your Pain is my Pleasure,
You please above Measure;
The greater my Pleasure,
The more you complain.

Myr. Curse on thy false, insidious Air!
Is't not enough I feel Despair?
Why wilt thou still my Heart ensnare?

Lau. Come! come, be chearful, bear thy Fate.

Myr. No more those Eyes I'll trust, false fair Ingrate,
For ever from thy fatal Charms I'll fly,
And the slow Cure, or Death of Absence try:

Hence

A PASTORAL INTERLUDE. 25

Hence will I hasten to some dismal Cave,
Dark! doleful! joyless as the Grave!
Where the sad Screech-Owl's Notes are only heard,
Whence Light and Comfort are for ever barr'd!
There, pining, waste my Days, from Insults free,
And die forgotten of the World and Thee!

Lau. Oh, stay, *Myrtillo*, and I'll tell thee all.

Myr. Yet I forgive thee, cruel as thou art,
Thou hast undone the tend'rest, constant Heart.
Farewel for ever——

Lau. ———— Stay!

Myr. ———— We must——

Lau. ———— We must not part.

*Now you move me
With complaining:
Can you fly me with disdain?
Traitor! go!
You but prove me
With false Vows:
Your Passion feigning;
Did you love me?
Never! no!*

Myr. O Love! to thee for Help I fly,
Support my staggering Mind:
Less Danger's in her Cruelty,
Than in her seeming kind.

*What shall an injur'd Lover do?
Can I believe her?——No, no, no!
Will it grieve her
If I leave her?——No, no, no!
Shall I on her Faith rely?
Or the fair Delusion fly?*

Lau. ———— O *Myrtillo*!

Myr. ———— *Laura*, Forbear!

Lau. Still art thou deaf?

Myr. ———— I must not hear.

[In

26 MYRTILLO:

[In two Parts]

Lau. *Oh, my Anguish!*

Myr. *How I languish!*

Lau. *'Tis more than I can bear!*

Myr. *Undone by Hope; secure by Fear.*

[Rural Musick at a Distance.]

Myr. What rural Sounds are those so near?

Lau. The Nymphs and jolly Swains prepare
To celebrate with Sports the Spring:
Wilt thou not join them while they sing?

Myr. Their Sports to me no Comfort bring.

Enter LYCON, MOPSA, and Chorus of SHEPHERDS.

Lyc. Now all ye Savains and Lasses,
Put on your *Airs and Graces*;
For this the Time and Place is
To Pipe, and Dance, and Play:
All brisk and jolly,
Sporting,
Courting,
Care is a Folly,
Dancing,
Prancing,
Flora commands a Holiday.

Lyc. See Mopsa, see! Myrtillo's mute!

Mop. Laura's the Cause——

Lyc. ——— Without Dispute:
Speak boldly, Swain; your Grief declare.

Myr. 'Tis true, I have my Grief from her.

Lyc. What tho' the Nymph deny you,
She ne'er intends to fly you,

A thou-

A PASTORAL INTERLUDE. 27

*A thousand Tricks she'll try you,
 All but to bold you fast:
 She'll pout and vex you,
 Coying,
 Toying,
 Then perplex you,
 Slighting,
 Frighting;
 Follow her close,——she's right at last.*

*Mop. From Laura I shall more discover;——
 Is this a Time to slight your Lover?*

*Lau. Myrtillo's nice, but cannot say I'm coy,
 And seems more fond of Pain than Joy.*

*Mop. What tho' the Swain abjure you,
 Protests he'll ne'er endure you;
 'Tis all but to allure you,
 To ease him of his Pain.
 If once you treat him*

*Kindly,
 Friendly,
 You defeat him,
 Fairly,
 Rarely;*

Ply him but home,——he's right again.

Lau. Myrtillo——

Lyc. —— shall comply.——

[Seizing Myrtillo's Hand.

Myr. —— Laura ——

Mop. —— no longer shall deny.

[Mop. and Lyc. join Lau. and Myr. Hands.

[In

[In two Parts.]

Myr. *Kind and tender,*Lau. *I surrender.*Both. *All my Joy's in thee alone.*Lau. *When I deny'd you,**I only try'd you.*Myr. *When I forswore you,**I did adore you.*Both. *Despair and Care's for ever flown.*

[CHORUS of Voices and Dancers.]

CHO. *Now all ye Swains and Lasses, &c.*

F I N I S.

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